

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP



20¢

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DAREDEVIL

AND THE

BLACK WIDOW



KEEP AWAY
FROM THE
MASKED MAN!
ONE MORE
BLOW--WOULD
KILL HIM!

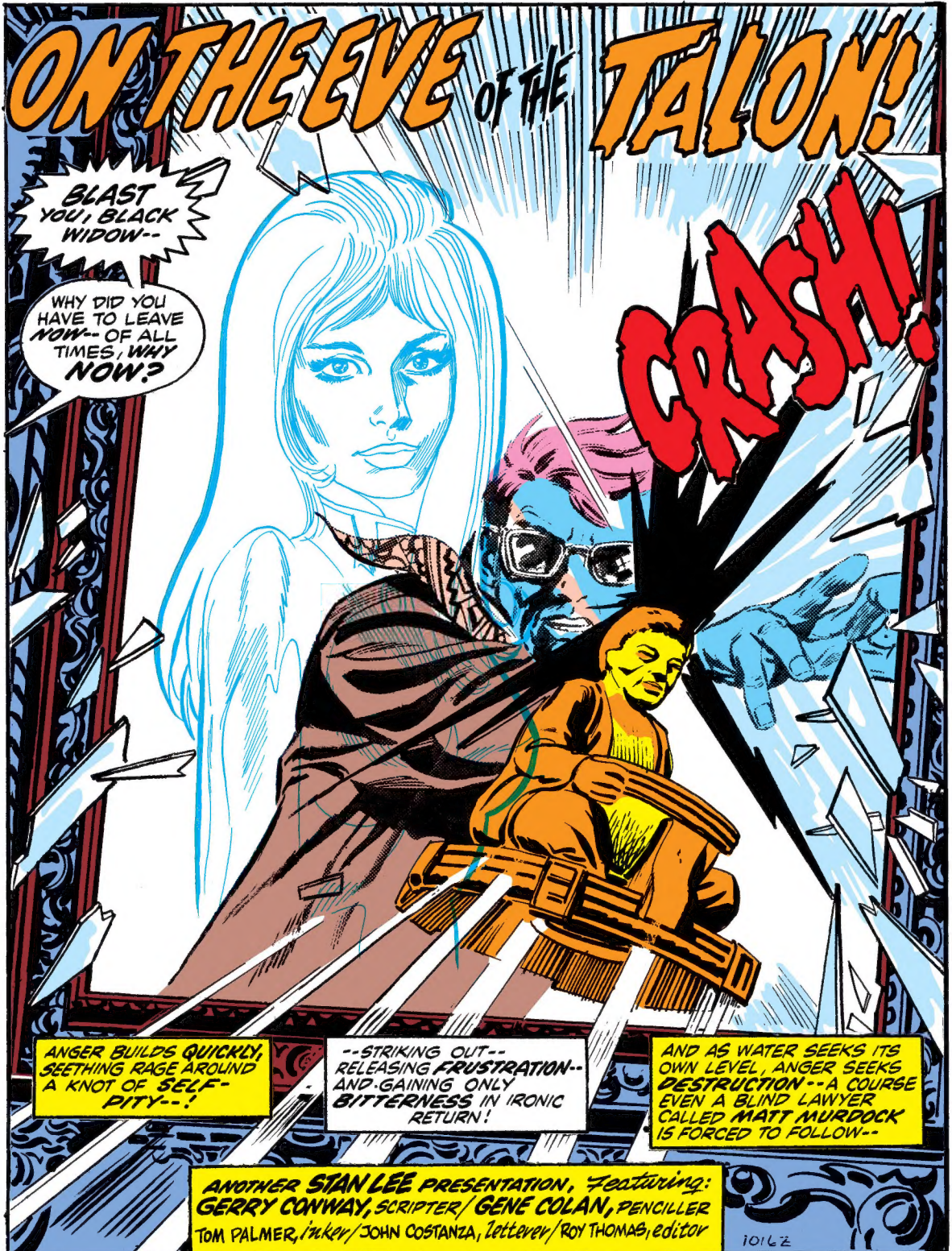
MATT--
STAY BACK!
THIS IS THE
WIDOW'S
SHOW!

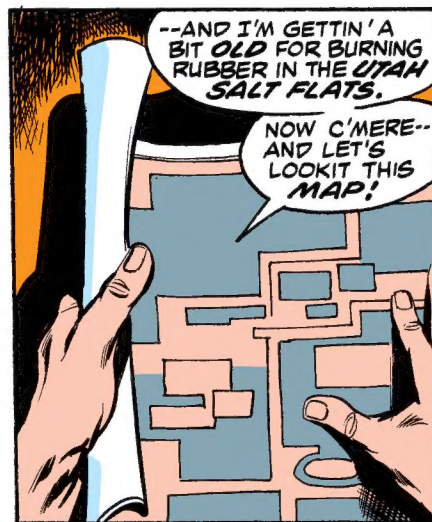
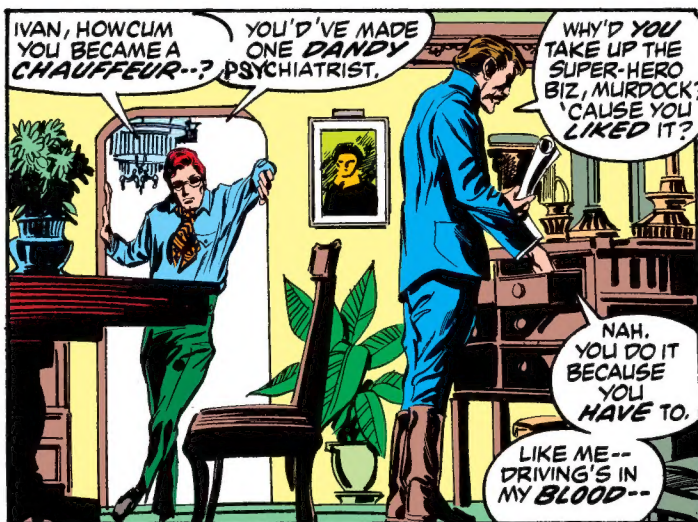
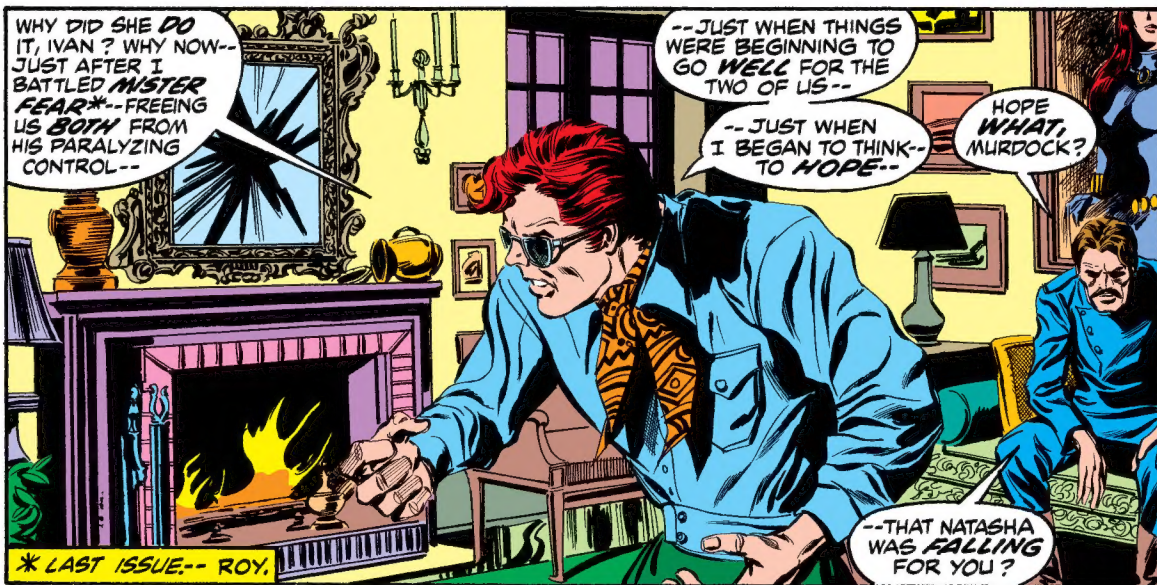


WHAT'S GOING ON? MATT MURDOCK RUSHING TO SAVE THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR? DON'T MISS...

THE BLUE TALON STRIKES!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™



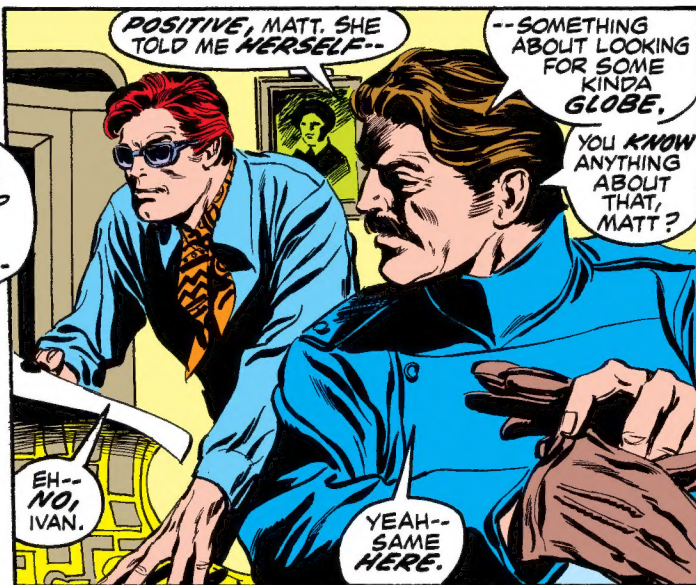




RUN YOUR FINGERS OVER IT, MATT-- THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL **SAN FRANCISCO**.

SHE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE, WITH THAT CREEP CALLED **DANNY FRENCH**--

DANNY? ARE YOU **SURE**?



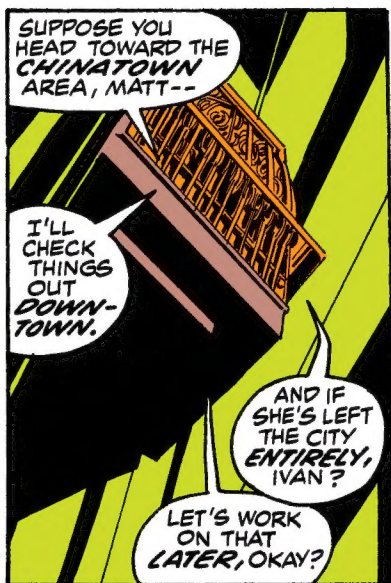
POSITIVE, MATT. SHE TOLD ME **HERSELF**--

--SOMETHING ABOUT LOOKING FOR SOME KINDA **GLOBE**.

YOU **KNOW** ANYTHING ABOUT THAT, MATT?

EH-- **NO**, IVAN.

YEAH-- SAME **HERE**.

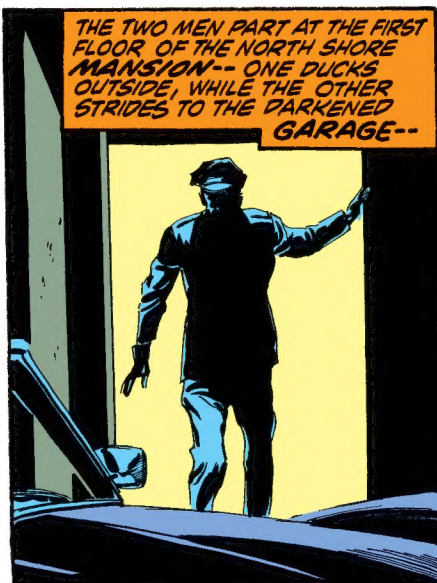


SUPPOSE YOU HEAD TOWARD THE **CHINATOWN** AREA, MATT--

I'LL CHECK THINGS OUT **DOWN-TOWN**.

AND IF SHE'S LEFT THE CITY **ENTIRELY**, IVAN?

LET'S WORK ON THAT **LATER**, OKAY?



THE TWO MEN PART AT THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE **NORTH SHORE MANSION**-- ONE DUCKS OUTSIDE, WHILE THE OTHER STRIDES TO THE DARKENED **GARAGE**--



A GLOVED HAND FLICKS A NEARBY **LIGHT SWITCH**--

KLK!

--AND AN **ICY BLUE GLOW** FILLS THE DAMP CEMENT TOMB--

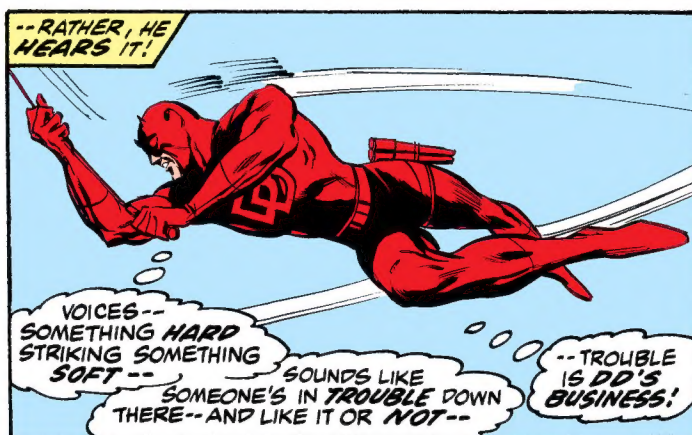
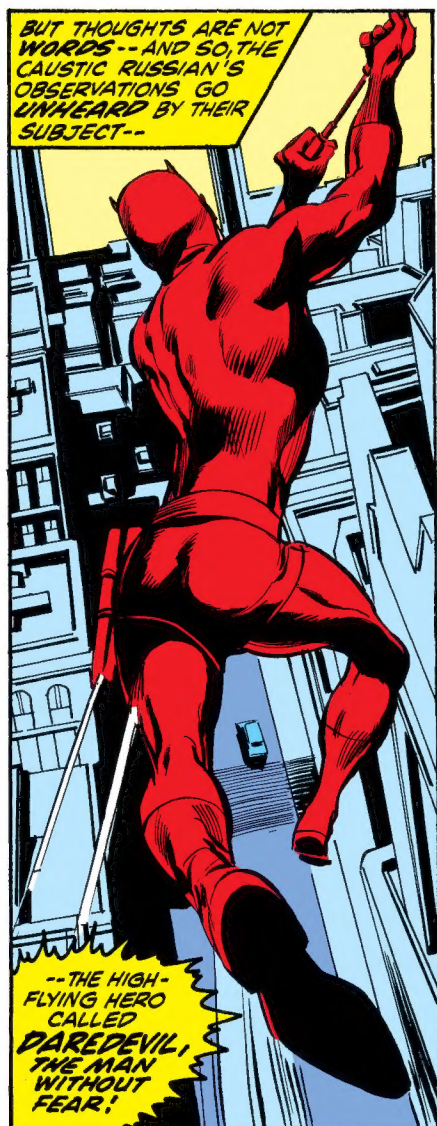
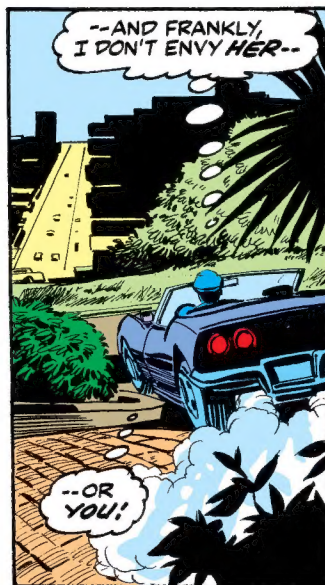
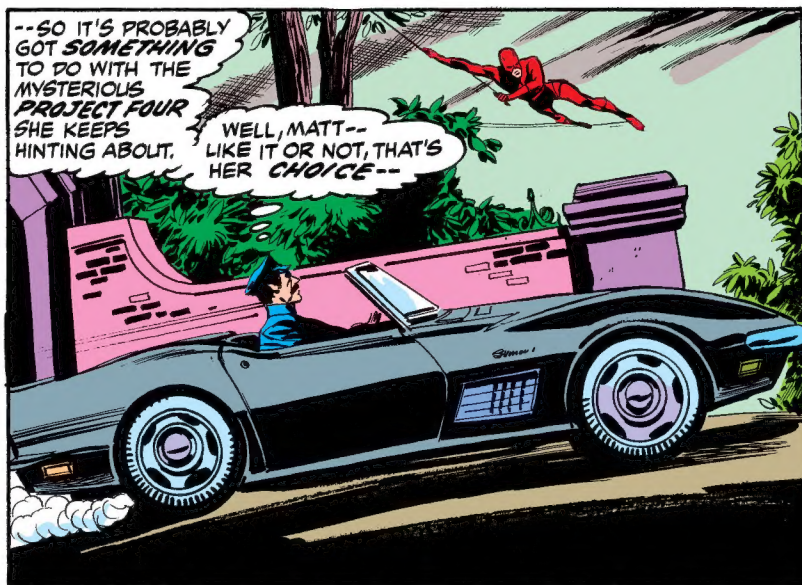


MAYBE I DON'T HAVE **RADAR-SENSES** LIKE MATT-- BUT I DON'T **NEED** 'EM TO TELL HE WAS LYING TO ME BACK THERE--

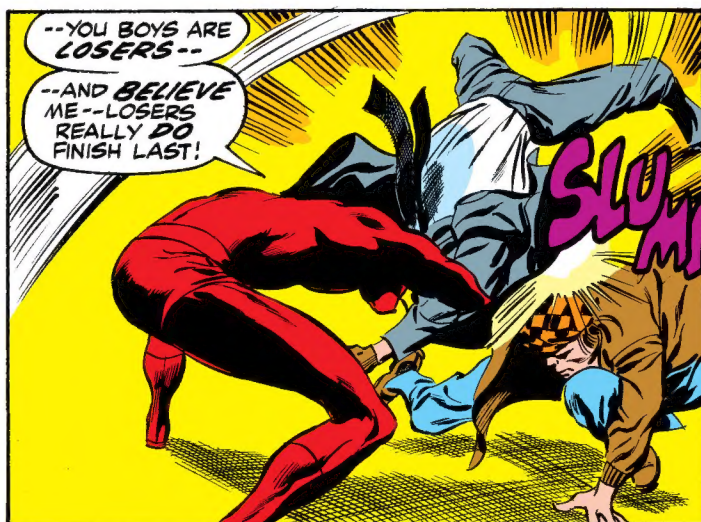
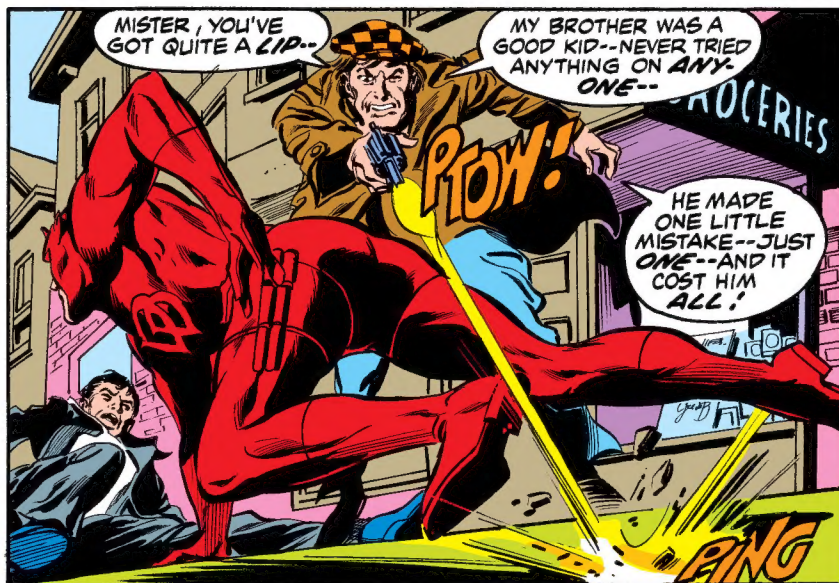
HE **DOES** KNOW SOMETHIN' ABOUT THIS **GLOBE**--

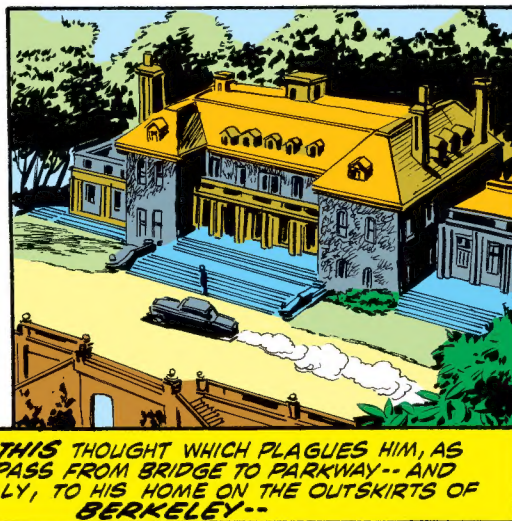
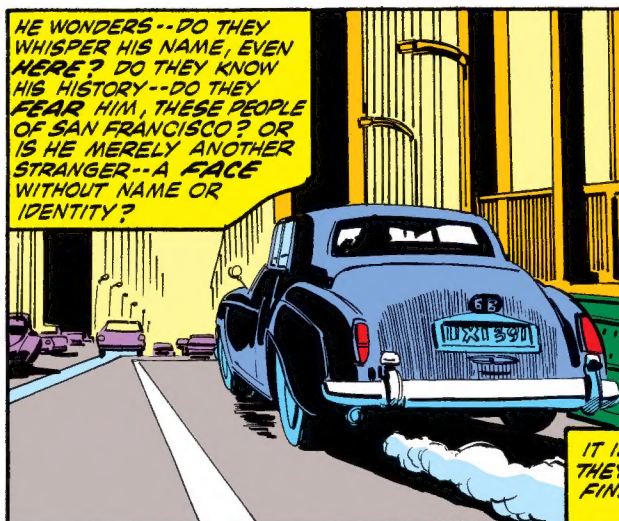
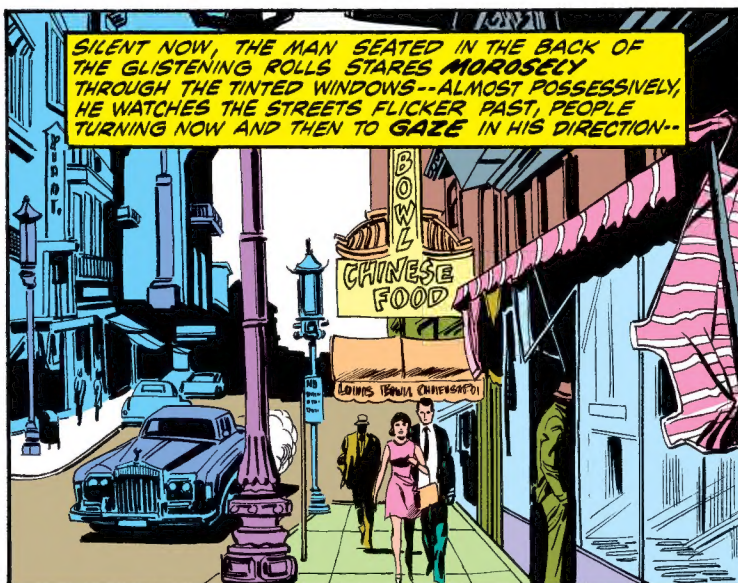
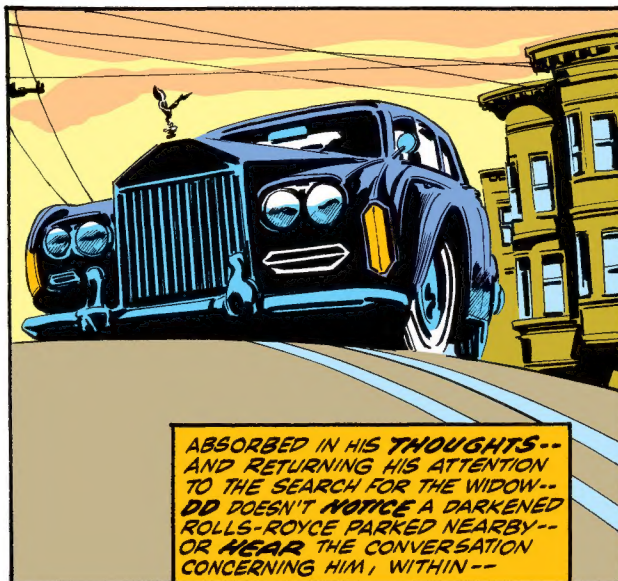
--MAYBE SOMETHING **IMPORTANT**--

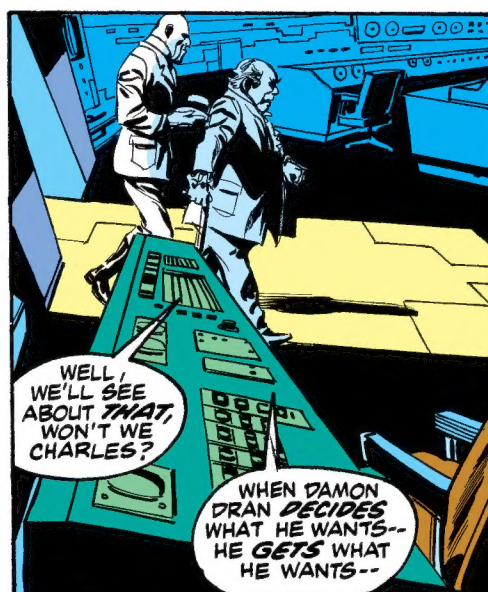
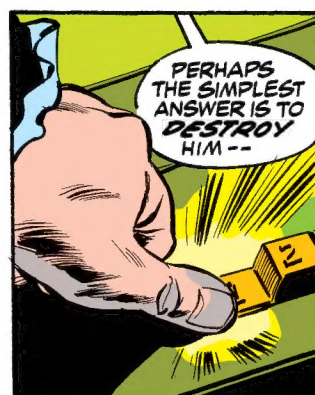
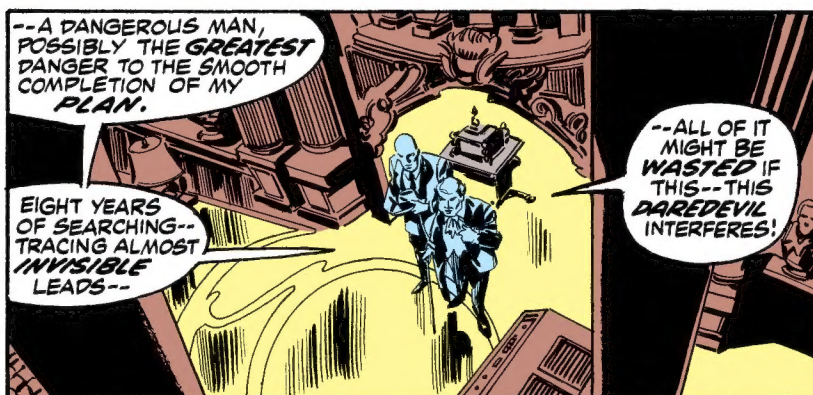
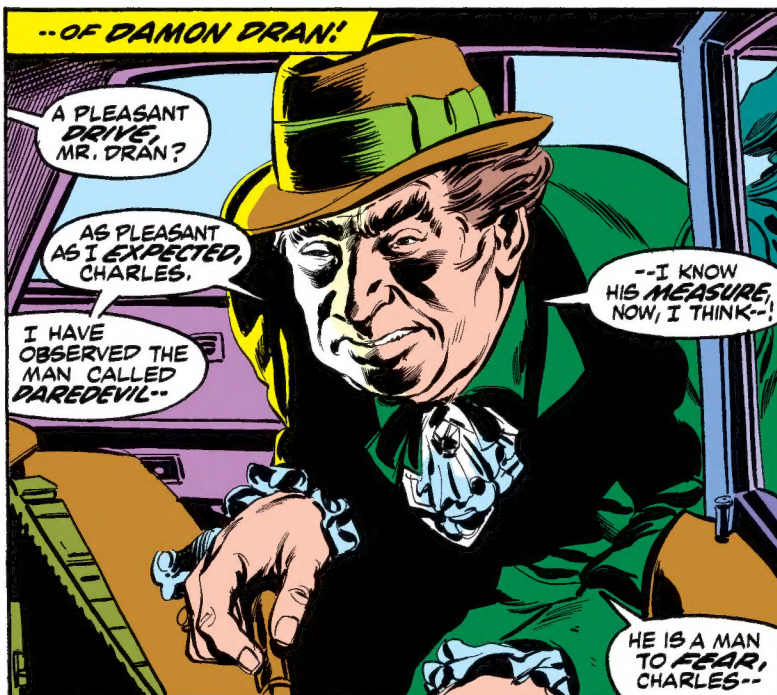
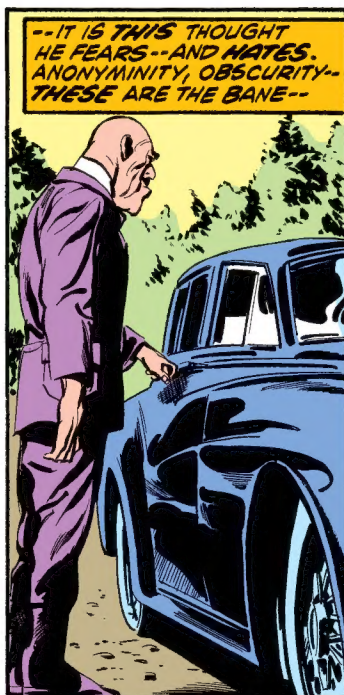
--AND YET-- HE DOESN'T **TRUST** ME, OR MAYBE THAT **ISN'T** IT--MAYBE NATASHA WANTS TO KEEP IT A SECRET, **STILL**--







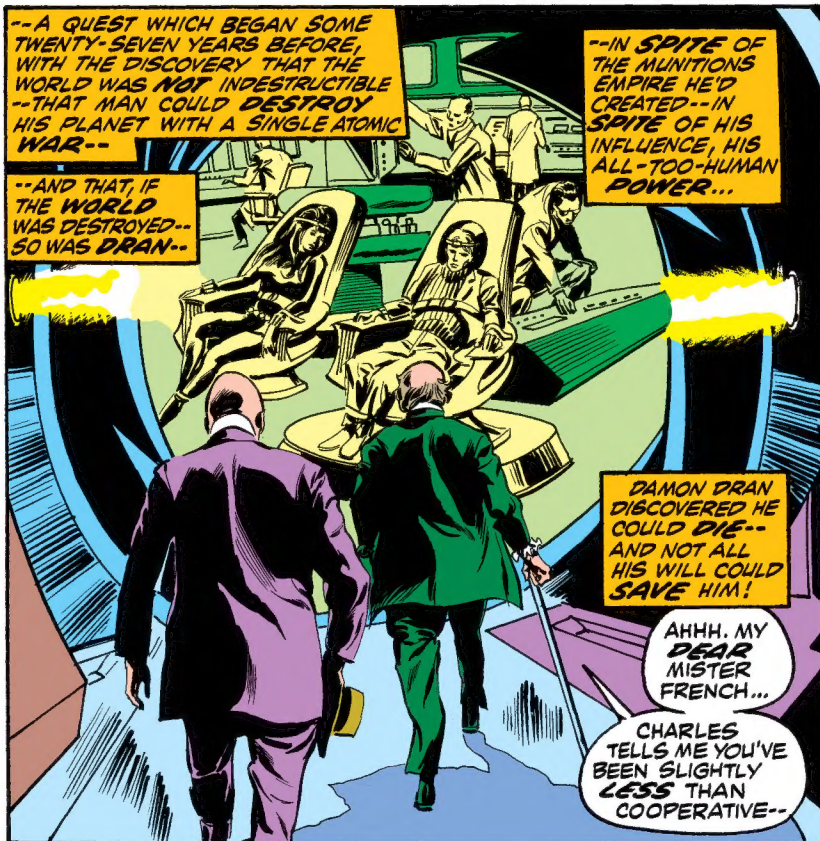






--AND I WANT--
PROJECT FOUR!

HIS SMILES,
HIS FACE
CRINKLING LIKE
SOME DEGRAVED
SANTA CLAUS--
FOR DAMON
DRAN, A
QUEST IS
ENDING--



--A QUEST WHICH BEGAN SOME
TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS BEFORE,
WITH THE DISCOVERY THAT THE
WORLD WAS **NOT** INDESTRUCTIBLE
--THAT MAN COULD **DESTROY**
HIS PLANET WITH A **SINGLE ATOMIC**
WAR--

--AND THAT, IF
THE **WORLD**
WAS DESTROYED--
SO WAS **DRAN--**

--IN **SPITE** OF
THE MUNITIONS
EMPIRE HE'D
CREATED--IN
SPITE OF HIS
INFLUENCE, HIS
ALL-TOO-HUMAN
POWER...

DAMON DRAN
DISCOVERED HE
COULD **DIE--**
AND NOT ALL
HIS WILL COULD
SAVE HIM!

AHHH. MY
DEAR
MISTER
FRENCH...

CHARLES
TELLS ME YOU'VE
BEEN SLIGHTLY
LESS THAN
COOPERATIVE--



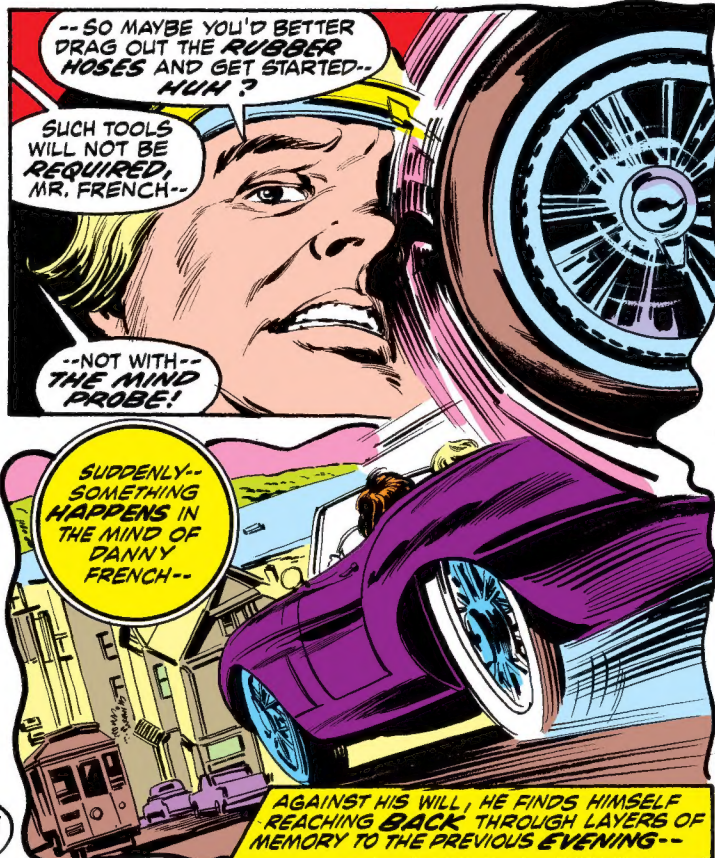
--AND I
FIND THAT
QUITE
DISPLEASING.

YOU
WILL
TELL ME,
YOU
KNOW--

--AGAINST
YOUR WILL,
IF NECESSARY--
AND THAT CAN
BE **MOST--**
UNPLEASANT.

FORGET
IT, MISTER.
DANNY'S LIPS
ARE **SEALED--**

I'M NOT
TELLING YOU WHERE
THE **GLOBE** IS--



--SO MAYBE YOU'D BETTER
DRAG OUT THE **RUBBER**
HOSES AND GET STARTED--
HUH?

SUCH TOOLS
WILL NOT BE
REQUIRED,
MR. FRENCH--

--NOT WITH--
THE MIND
PROBE!

SUDDENLY--
SOMETHING
HAPPENS IN
THE MIND OF
DANNY
FRENCH--

AGAINST HIS WILL, HE FINDS HIMSELF
REACHING **BACK** THROUGH LAYERS OF
MEMORY TO THE PREVIOUS **EVENING--**

--BACK TO THE SCENE IN DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO, AS HE AND THE EX-RUSSIAN SPY KNOWN AS THE **BLACK WIDOW** RACED THROUGH GROWING TWILIGHT SHADOWS, ARGUING OVER THE EVENTS OF THE PAST FEW DAYS--

--THEN IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN HUNTING DAREDEVIL AND I-- THEN WHO--? *

Y'GOT ME, LITTLE LADY.

LIKE I SAID-- I NEVER DID FIGURE OUT HOW TO WORK THAT **ENERGY GLOBE** WE STOLE--

*MISTER FEAR, THAT'S WHO-- AND IT HAPPENED, NATCH! LAST ISSUE!-- ROY.

--AND EVEN IF I HAD, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D--

HOLY COW--

BLAM

--IT'S A **BLOWOUT!**

SCREEEE

KRAK!

KWOOOMP!

SPTOOW!

YET EVEN AS HE FELT THE CAR JERK WILDLY UNDER HIM, DANNY FRENCH REALIZED IT WASN'T A MERE FLAT-- SECONDS BEFORE THE BLOWOUT OCCURED, HE'D HEARD A SHARP **CRACK**--THE DISTANT UNFORGETTABLE RETORT OF A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE--

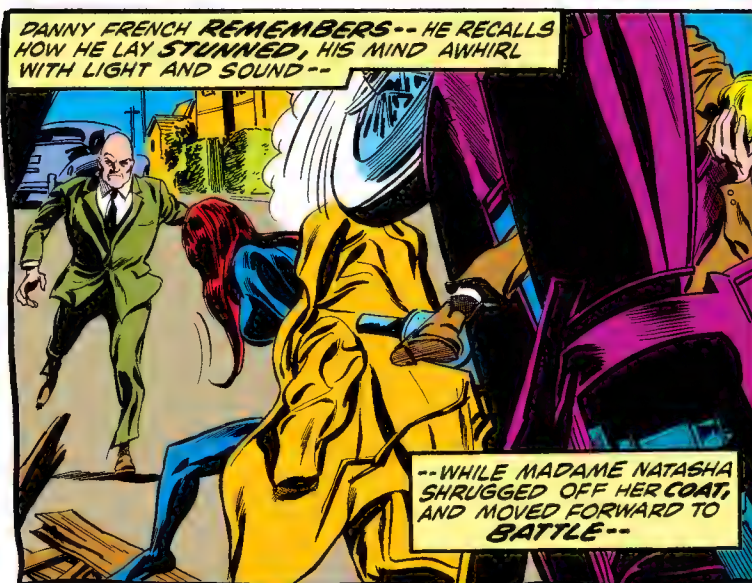
--AND HE KNEW, THAT ONCE AGAIN--THE HUNTERS HAD BECOME THE HUNTED!



GET THEM,
CHARLES--
THE GIRL,
TOO.

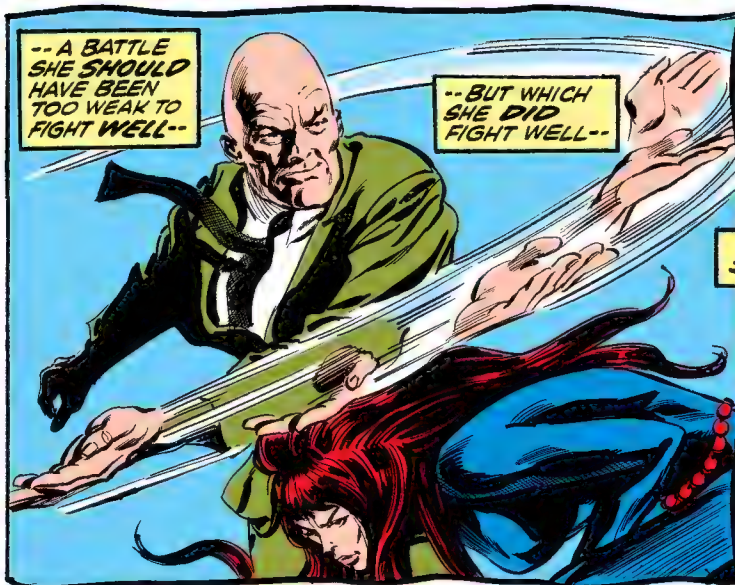
AS YOU
WISH,
MR. DRAN.

NEITHER
MUST
ESCAPE!



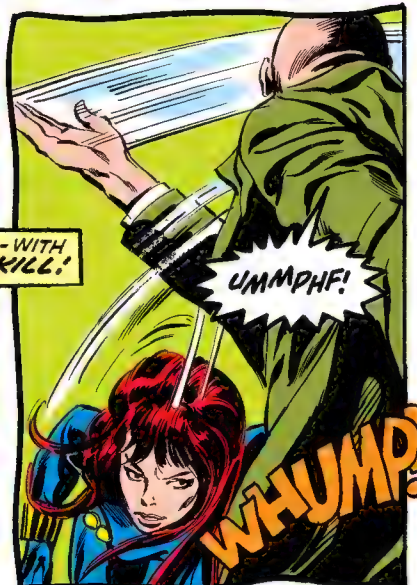
DANNY FRENCH REMEMBERS-- HE RECALLS
HOW HE LAY STUNNED, HIS MIND AWHIRL
WITH LIGHT AND SOUND--

--WHILE MADAME NATASHA
SHRUGGED OFF HER COAT,
AND MOVED FORWARD TO
BATTLE--



-- A BATTLE
SHE SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
TOO WEAK TO
FIGHT WELL--

-- BUT WHICH
SHE DID
FIGHT WELL--



-- WITH
SKILL!

UMMPHF!

WHUMP!



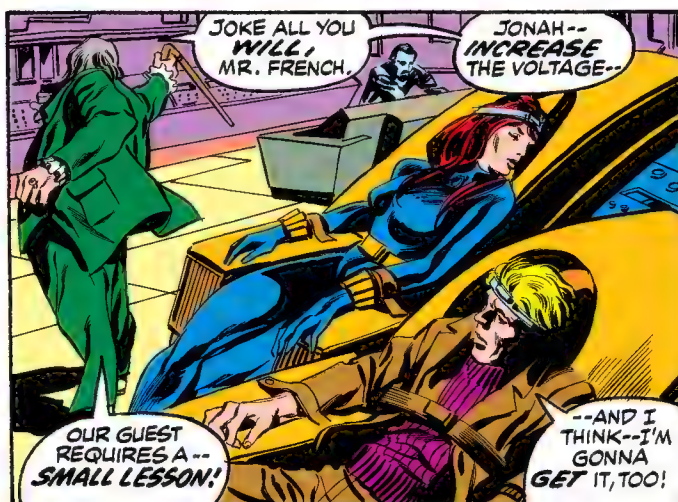
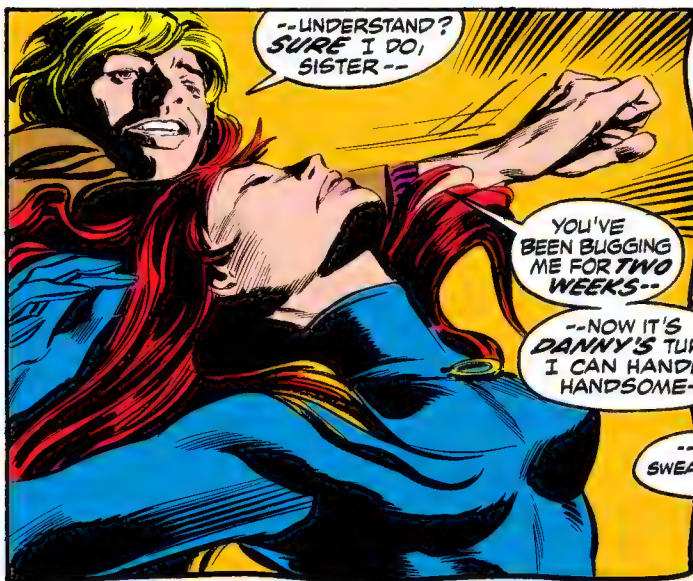
YET FINALLY, IT WASN'T
HER WANING STRENGTH
WHICH BETRAYED THE
BLACK WIDOW--

THWAK!



--BUT A CAPRICIOUS
FATE IN THE FORM OF
A MISUNDER-
STANDING
MERCENARY--

DANNY, NO--
YOU DON'T
UNDERSTA--





OKAY, MATT--
TIME TO START
BREATHING
AGAIN.

TRY SOME
JAVA, PAL.

WHA--UH,
IVAN--?

OH,
YEAH.



HOW LONG'VE I
BEEN ASLEEP?

I GAVE
YOU AN HOUR,
MATT--IT'S
GETTING ON
SIX-
THIRTY.

YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE LET
ME DROP
OFF LIKE
THAT. I'VE--



YOU *NEEDED*
IT, MISTER.

THE WAY YOU'VE
BEEN *DRIVING*
YOURSELF--

AW FORGET IT,
LET'S CATCH THE
NEWS. MAYBE--

--THE BIG
QUESTION
ON THE
COAST
TODAY
IS--



"--WHO IS
DAREDEVIL?"

SEVERAL INTERESTING
COINCIDENCES--THE
APPEARANCE OF
DAREDEVIL AND THE
BLACK WIDOW IN
SAN FRANCISCO--

-- COUPLED
WITH THE
ARRIVAL OF
A CERTAIN
TRIAL LAWYER
KNOWN FOR HIS
RECENT CONNECTION
WITH THAT SAME
INFAMOUS LADY--



--LEADS THIS REPORTER
TO THE CONCLUSION THAT
DAREDEVIL AND MATT
MURDOCK ARE ONE--
AND THE SAME!

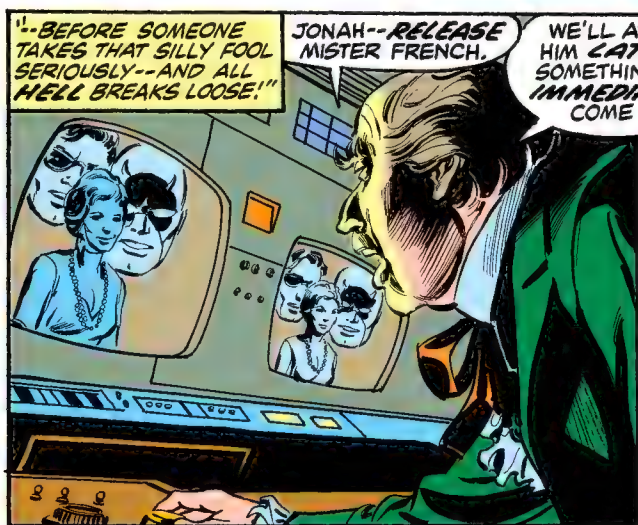
OH, NO--
NO!



HIS FACE CONTORTED WITH A MIX-
TURE OF ANGER AND FEAR,
MATT MURDOCK SLAMS TO HIS
FEET--

THE IRRESPONSIBLE
IDIOTS! DO THEY
REALIZE WHAT
THEY'VE DONE?

THINK, IVAN--
THINK! WE'VE
GOT TO WORK A
WAY OUT OF
THIS--



"--BEFORE SOMEONE
TAKES THAT SILLY FOOL
SERIOUSLY--AND ALL
HELL BREAKS LOOSE!"

JONAH--*RELEASE*
MISTER FRENCH.

WE'LL ATTEND TO
HIM *LATER*--
SOMETHING MORE
IMMEDIATE HAS
COME UP--



--SOMETHING WHICH
SHOULD *AMUSE* THE
LOVELY *MADAME*
NATASHA.

WAKE
HER,
JONAH--!



OPAL EYES GLITTERING IN THE PLAY OF ANGLED LIGHTS, THE MAN CALLED BLUE TALON STALKS CATLIKE INTO THE NEAR-SILENT LAB, HIS HEAD TURNING--HIS MOUTH CURLING INTO A MOCKING SNEER--

NO, YAMURA--NOT THESE.

YOUR PREY IS A FREER AGENT THAN NATASHA OR OUR ERSTWHILE DETECTIVE, DANNY FRENCH--!

THIS EVENING YOU'RE TO FIND THE SUPPOSEDLY "BLIND" LAWYER, MATT MURDOCK--AND HAVING FOUND HIM--KILL HIM!

--UNLESS IN THE INTERIM, MISTER FRENCH DECIDES TO DEVULGE HIS LITTLE--SECRET?

LET'S NOT KID EACH OTHER, DRAN--

EVEN IF I TOLD YOU, YOU WOULDN'T LET ME 'N TASHA GO--

--SO I'M NOT TELLING--NOT NOW, NOT FIVE HOURS FROM NOW--NOT EVER!

BRAVE SENTIMENTS--AND YET, SUCH DETERMINATION MAY WEAKEN UNDER THE INEXORABLE MIND-PROBE--FOR THE DAY IS LONG, AND WHEN EVENING FINALLY ARRIVES--

--HELP IS STILL MILES DISTANT--!

L-LOOK, MISTER--I TOLDYA EVERYTHING I KNOW!

FRENCH IS SOME SORTA PRIVATE EYE--HE RENTS A STUDIO UP ON CLAYMORE STREET!

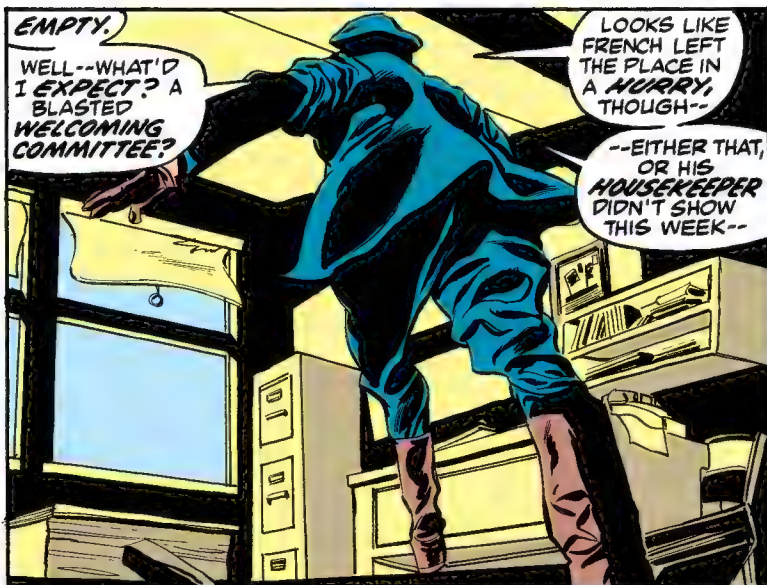
CHECK IT FOR YOURSELF!

WITH A SCOWLING NOD, THE BURLY RUSSIAN WHIRLS SILENTLY AWAY--!

ANXIOUS STRIDES CARRY HIM SOUTH, PROPEL HIM UP THREE TREMBLING FLIGHTS OF STAIRS--

--AND WORDLESS, THROUGH A TIGHTLY-BOLTED DOOR!

SCRASH!



EMPTY.

WELL--WHAT'D I EXPECT? A BLASTED WELCOMING COMMITTEE?

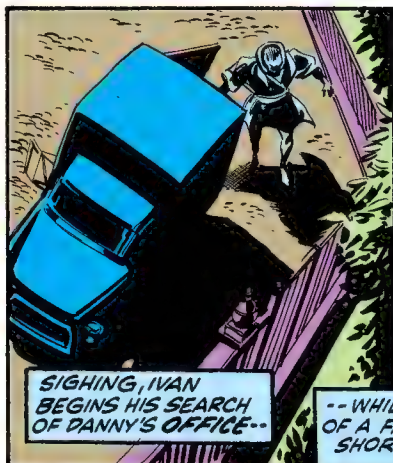
LOOKS LIKE FRENCH LEFT THE PLACE IN A HURRY, THOUGH--

--EITHER THAT, OR HIS HOUSEKEEPER DIDN'T SHOW THIS WEEK--

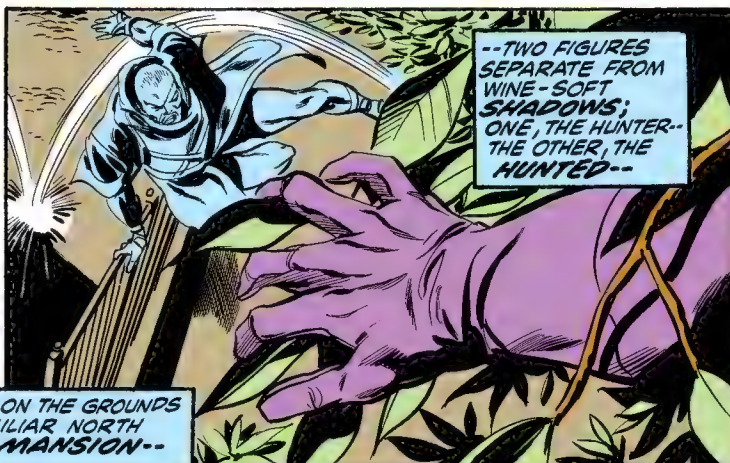


--BUT IN ANY CASE--

--I'VE SURE GOT MY WORK CUT OUT!

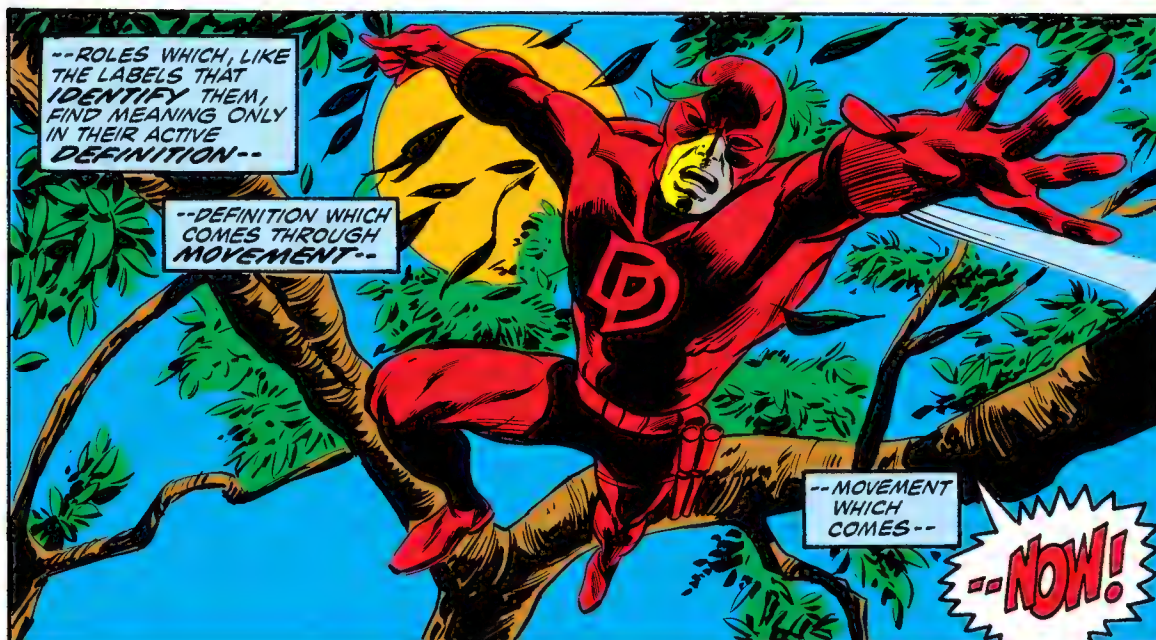


SIGHING, IVAN BEGINS HIS SEARCH OF DANNY'S OFFICE--



--TWO FIGURES SEPARATE FROM WINE-SOFT SHADOWS; ONE, THE HUNTER-- THE OTHER, THE HUNTED--

--WHILE, ON THE GROUNDS OF A FAMILIAR NORTH SHORE MANSION--



--ROLES WHICH, LIKE THE LABELS THAT IDENTIFY THEM, FIND MEANING ONLY IN THEIR ACTIVE DEFINITION--

--DEFINITION WHICH COMES THROUGH MOVEMENT--

--MOVEMENT WHICH COMES--

--NOW!

